A.C.MCLURO WCQ CONVRICHT

CHAPTER XXIII-Continued. -16-

It was as though my brain snapped back into ascendency. I was no longer a raging fury, mad with the desire to kill, but cool-headed, planning escape. Before a hand could reach me in restraint, I sprang backward and ran. I stymbled up the stairs leading to the companion. The vague glimmer of daylight showing through the glass, revealed the presence of Watkins. I heard him dash the door wide open. call to those on deck, and then saw him wheel about to again confront the devils plunging blindly forward toward us through the dark cabin. We could hold them for a time at least, yet I had the sense to know that this check would prove only temporary. They out-numbered us ten to one, and would arm themselves from the rack. Yet the greater danger lay in the possible disloyalty of my own men. A dozen of us might hold these stairs against assault, but treachery would leave us helpless. If one among them should steal below forward, and force open the door from the forecastle, we would be crushed between two waves of men, and left utterly helpless. I saw the whole situation vividly, and as quickly d ise the one hope remaining.

"Watkins," I called sharply back over my shoulder. "Get the boats ready and be lively about it. We'll hold these fellows until you report. The two quarterboats will hold us all. Knock out the plugs in the others, See that Miss Fairfax is placed safely in the afterboat, and then stand by. Send me word the moment all is ready."

I had glimpse of the thick fog without as he pushed through the door, and of a scarcely distinguishable group of men on the deck. Those about me could only be located by their restless movements. I stepped down one stair conscious of increasing movement below, the meat cleaver still gripped in my hands.

"Any of you armed with cutlasses?" "Oul, m'sleur, Ravel DeLasser." "Stand here, to right of me, now another at my left. Who are you?" "Jim Carter, sir."

"Good; now strike ha ard, lads, and

stout fighter the lad was, wielding his cutlass viciously, so that we held them, with dead men littering every step to the cabin deck.

But they were of a breed trained to such fighting, and the lash of Manuel's tongue drove them into mad recklessness. And there seemed no end of them, sweeping up out of those black shadows, with bearded or lean brown savage faces, charging over the dead bodies, hacking and gouging in vain effort to break through. I struck until my arms ached, until my head reeled, scarcely conscious of physical action, yet aware of Manuel's shouts.

"Now you hell-hounds-now! once more, and you have them. Santa Maria! you've got to go through, bullies -there is no other way to the deck. Rush 'em! That's the way! Here you-go in outside the rail! Broth of hell! Now you have him, Pedro!"

For an instant I believed it true; I naw Jim Carter seized and hurled sideways, his cutlass clashing as it fell, while a dozen hands dragged him headlong into the ruck beneath. But it was only an instant. Before the charging devils could pass me, a huge figure filled the vacant space, and the butt of a gun crashed into the mass. It was the Dutchman, Schmitt, fighting like a demon, his strength that of an ox. They gave way in terror before him, and we went down battering our way, until the stairs were clear to the deck, except for the dead under foot. When we stopped, not a fighting man was left within the sweep of our arms. They scurried back into the darkness like so many rats, and we could only stare about blindly, cursing them, as we endeavored to recover breath. Schmitt roared like a wild bull, and would have rushed on, but for my grip on his shirt.

"Get back, men !" I ordered sharply. "There may be fifty of them yonder. Our only chance is the stairs."

We flung the bodies on one side, and formed again from rall to rail. Below us there was noise enough, a babel of angry voices, but no movement of as-

5-50-7

CLOUD, NEBRASKA, CHIEF RED

supped out o' signt ib the log. somewhere aboard."

"Never mind him; the fellow can de no harm now. Move back slowly lads. Schmitt and I will be the last ones out."

We closed the companion door as silently as possible and for the moment there was no sound from within to show that our cautious withdrawal had been observed. I stared about, but was able to perceive little beyond the small group awaiting my orders. The fog clung thick and heavy on all sides, and it was impossible for the eye to penetrate to either rall. Fortunately there was no weight of sea running.

"There is nothing more to keep us aboard lads. Stow yourselves away and hang on; I'll walt here until you are all over."

They faded away into the mist, dim spectral figures, and I remained alone. listening anxiously for some hostile sound from below. Satisfied that the lads were safely over the rail and the decks clear, I turned toward the ship's side. As I did so a yell reached my ears from the blackness below-the hounds had found voice.

I ran through the fog in the direction the others had disappeared, and had taken scarcely three steps when I collided against the form of a man. whose presence was not even noticed until we came together. Yet he must have been there expectant and ready. for a quick knife thrust slashed the front of my jacket, bringing a spurt of blood as the blade was jerked back. Even as my fingers gripped the uplifted wrist, ere he could strike the second time, I knew my antegonist. 1 knew also this was a fight to the death, to be terminated before that unguarded crew below could attain the deck. It was LeVere's life or mine, and in the balance the fate of those others in the waiting boat alongside. The knowledge gave me the strength and the ferocity of a tiger. I ripped the knife from his fingers, and we closed with bare hands, his voice uttering one croaking cry for help as I bore in on his windpipe. He was a snake, a cat, slipping out of my grasp as by some magic. At last I had him against the rail, the weight of us both so hard upon it that the stout wood broke, and we both went over, grappling until we splashed into the water below. The shock loosened my, hold; as 1 fought a way back to the surface I was alone. My strength began to fail, hope left me as I sank deeper and deeper into the remorseless grip of the ocean. I was not afraid; my lips uttered no cry, no prayer-I drifted out into total unconsciousness and went down?

CHAPTER XXV.

The Open Boat.

I came back to a consciousness of pain, unable at once to realize where I was, or feel any true sense of personality. Then slowly I comprehended that I rested in a boat, tossed about by a fairly heavy sea; that it was night and there were stars visible in



Care of the Shoes.

class repair all the time and not allowed to get out of shape or run down. Shoes have soared in price even faster and higher than other necessi-Tan shoes should be dressed or tles, and shoe men tell us that pros-"shined" before they are worn. A pair of shoe trees is necessary for pects for their coming down to anything like reasonable prices are not at every pair of shoes and whenever a all cheerful. The one good thing that shoe is off the foot the shoe tree should will come out of this experience for be placed in it. Next in importance to the average woman is that she will this is the sort of dressing used. It learn to take better care of her footis economy to discover and buy the wear and make it last longer, and that best-that is, one that contains some she will use more judgment in buying oil and will not harm the leather. By her shoes. The big per cent of crip- keeping shoes not in use clean and pled feet among American women is dressed with the right polish the life a reflection on their good sense. They of the leather is increased fitty per have the best-looking shoes in the cent. It is very easy also to cover world at their service, but will not them to protect them from the dust. learn that it is fatal to cramp the feet. These precautions taken with dressy The everyday walking shoe, like the shoes will make them last a long

tailored suit, is the most important time also. Item in the selection of footwear. Two Driving a motorcar is hard on shoes. The back of the shoe above the heel pairs of these of substantial leather and comfortable heels must be worn gets scuffed out and needs protection.

alternately and maintained in good re- Clever women use a pair of sox to prepair, for the sake of appearance and tect the shoes in the car. They cut economy. Women who are experi- out the toes of these and slip them enced in buying get two pairs on the on over the shoes while driving. It same last at one time, and two pairs is easy to slip them oft and on.

Linen canvas shoes for summer wear of high shoes with one of low ought to see one through a year for street remarkably well. In these as ha wear. Before they are put on the leather shoes the secret of keeping feet they should be re-enforced at the them a long time lies in keeping them heels, if the wearer is inclined to wear in repair-not allowing them to get them off at one side. The point is much run down before getting them that they must be maintained in first- to the shop for repairs.





BELCHING Caused by Acid-Stomach

Let EATONIC, the wonderful modern from disgusting belching, food-repeating, indigestion, bloated, gaasy stomach, dyspep-sia, heartburn and other stomach, dyspep-sia, heartburn and other stomach miseries. They are all caused by Acid-Stomach from which about nine people out of the suffer for one way or another. One writes as fol-lows: "Before I used EATONIC, I could not easy to be the without belching it right up, sour and bitter. I have not had a bit of trouble ince the first tablet." Millions are victims of Acid-Stomach without knowing it. They are weak and without knowing it. They are weak and without knowing it. They are weak and without knowing they may eat hear-ing disorders are likely to foilow if an add-stomach is neglected. Clirrhous of the liver, intestinal congestion, gaatritis, warrh of the stomach—these are only be the stomach. A sufferer from Catarrh of the Stomach

few of the ma

Acid-Stomach. A sufferer from Catarrh of the Stomach of 11 years' standing writes: "I had catarh of the stomach for 11 long years and I never found anything to do me any good-just temporary relief-until I used EATONIC. It is a wonderful remedy and I do not want to be without it."

If you are not feeling quite right-lack energy and enthusiasm and don't know just where to locate the trouble-try EATONIO and see how much better you will feel in all drug stores-a big box for 50c and

money back if you are not satisfied. FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

Lots Better.

Smiley-I hope you won't mind if I bring a couple of friends home to dinner tonight, my dear?

Mrs. Smlley-Oh, no; that is better than being brought home by a couple of friends after dinner.

"BAYER CROSS" ON

you others be ready. The cabin is full of 'em, and it is your life and mine in the balance. If we can get away in this fog they'll never find us, but we've got to hold them here until the boats are ready. I killed their captain, Sanchez. That is where we've still got them, without a leader."

"But they've got arms?"

"Only hand weapons," broke in Carter. "There's ball in the bandoliers, but no powder. I wus goin' ter break open a cask, but Estada put me at another job."

"Then that leaves us on even footing, lads, we ought to be equal to them with the cold steel."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Clasp of the Sea.

The sounds of voices and of moving bodies were plainly discernible, but the darkness was too dense below to permit the eye perceiving what was taking place. The rattle of steel told me some among them had reached the arm rack. There followed the crash of wood as though the butt of a gun had splintered a door panel. Then a voice pierced the babel. My mind gripped the meaning of it all; they had found a leader; they had released Manuel Estevan. Now the real fight was on! I could hear the fellow question those about him, seeking to learn the altuntion.

"Who have cutlasses? So many! a dozen form with me. Now bullies, they are on the stairs there, and that is the only way to the deck. Now then -- to hell with 'em !"

We met them, point to point, our advantage the narrow staircase and the higher position; theirs the faint glimmer of light at our backs. The first rush was reckless and deadly, the infuriated devils not yet realizing what they faced, but counting on force of numbers to crush our defense. Mannel led them yelling encouragement, and sweeping his cutlass, gripped with both hands, in desperate effort to break through. DeLasser caught its point with his blade while my cleaver missing him with its sharp edge, nevertheless dealt the fellow a blow which duried him back into the arms of the man behind. I saw nothing else in detail, the faint light barely revealing indistinct figures and gleam of steel. It was a pandemonium of blows and yells, strange faces appearing and disappearing, as men leaped desperately at us up the steps, and we beat them remorselessly back. I saw nothing more of Manuel in the fray, but his shrill voice urged on his fellows. It was strike and parry, cut and thrust. Twice I kicked my legs free from hands that gripped me and DeLas-



The First Was **Reckless** and Deadly.

sault. What they would do next was answered by a blaze of light, revealing the slihouette of a man, engaged in touching flame to a torch of hemp. It flung forth a dull yellow flare, and revealed a scene of horror. Our assailants were massed halfway back. Between us, even ten feet from the stairs, the deck was littered with bodies, ghastly faces staring up, with black stains of blood everywhere. It was Manuel's hand which had kindled the light, and the first croak of his voice told his purpose.

"Now you skulking cowards," he yelled pointing forward, "do you see what you are fighting? There are only five men between you and the deck. To hell with 'em ! Come on ! I'll show you the way!"

He leaped forward; but it was his last step. I sent the cleaver hurtling through the air. I know not how it struck him, but he went down, his last word a shrick, his arms flung out in vain effort to ward off the blow. Schmitt roared out a Dutch oath, and his gun, sent whirling above me, crashed into the uplifted torch. Again it was black night, through which the eye could perceive nothing. Even the noise ceased, but a hand gripped my shoulder.

"Who are you?"

"Watkins, The boats are ready, The one forward has pushed off loaded. The afterboat is alongside. There is such a fog, sir, yer can't see two ser fell, a pike thrust through him. fathoms from the ship. The girl is in Why took his place I never knew, but | the boat, but LeVere ain't. The mate

the sky overhead. I stared at these, vacant of thought, when a figure seemed to lean over me, and I caught the outline of a face, gazing eagerly down into my own. Instantly memory came back in a flash-this was not death, but life; I was in a boat with her. I could not move my hands, and my voice was but a hoarse whisper. "Mistress Fairfax-Dorothy !"

"Yes-yes," swiftly, "It is all right, but you must lie still. Watkins, Captain Carlyle is conscious. What shall 1 do?"

He must have been behind us at the steering oar, for his gruff, kindly voice sounded very close

"Yer might lift him up, miss," he said soberly. "He'll breathe better. How's that, Captain?"

"Much easier," I managed to breathe. "I guess I am all right now. You fished me out?"

"Sam did. He got a boat hook in your collar. We cast off when yet went overboard, and cruised about in the fog hunting fer yer. Who was it yer was fightin' with, sir?" "LeVere."

"That's what I told the lads. He's a gonner, I reckon?"

"I never saw him after we sank Are all the men here?"

"All but those in the forward boat. sir. They got away furst, an' we ain't had no sight ov 'em since. Maybe we will when it gets daylight. Harwood's in charge. I give him a compass, an' told him ter steer west. Wus thei right?"

"All I could have told him. I haven' had an observation, and it is all guesswork. I know the American coast lies to that direction, but that is about all I couldn't tell if it be a hundred, or a hundred and fifty miles away. 1 must have been in bad shape wher you pulled me in?"

"We thought you was gone, sir. You was bleedin' some, too, but only from flesh wounds. The young lady she just wouldn't let yer die. She worked over yer for two or three hours, sir afore I hed any hope."

Her eyes were downcast and her face turned away, but I reached out my hand and clasped her fingers. The mystery of the night and ocean was in her motionless posture. Only as her hand gently pressed mine did J gain courage, with a knowledge that she recognized and welcomed my pres ence

"Watkins says I owe my life to you." I said, so low the words were scarcely audible above the dash of water alongside. "It will make that life more valuable than ever before." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

French photographers have developed a process for treating negatives by which the effect of stereoscopic relief is produced in pictures.

Love of luxury joining forces with | straps, need only to have a straight without excuse, except that "If eyes were made for seeing-then beauty is its own excuse for being." It is a comsensible women as showing how the

finest and most expensive undergarments are made. It is natural that the designer working with such exquisite materials should put into them the best effort of which she is capable, and any new convenience, or trick of trimming or harmony of colors will blossom out under the inspiration of exquisite materials. All these reappear in practical and dainty garments made of fine batiste which every woman may have.

The combination shown in the pic ture utilizes plaited georgette in flesh color, and rather wide Val lace and the body and skirt are joined by a lace beading backed by a band of georgette. The skirt is made up of alternating long and short panels, the bottom of each one finished with lace. Narrow satin ribbon plays the most important part in making this combination distinctive and beautiful. It forms double shoulder straps extended into ends

that are laced at the front and looped over forming ties with little satin-covered pendant balls to finish them. This lacing of ribbon joins the ends of the long panels in the skirt, the tied ends hanging below the knee.

Very beautiful and luxurious but more practical garments are made of crepe de chine in good quality. Handcrochet yokes, with ribbon shoulder broidered motifs,

prosperity, lures women into such slip of crepe de chine gathered on to lovely extravagances as this exquisite form a chemise. It is finished with undergarment. It makes no pretense narrow crochet or Val lace at the botof being practical and is presented tom, whipped on by hand and provided with two small buttons and buttonholes for joining the front of the skirt to the back. By stitching in a lace bination of pink georgette crepe and is beading at the waistline, to carry narchiefly interesting to the average, row satin ribbon, this chemise is converted into a combination when the beading is gathered up on the ribbon.

Julie Bottomby

Organdie Gowns.

The heavy linens which used to be so popular for morning gowns have been put to flight by the alluring crispness of organdle. One-piece dresses simply made with deep rolled collars, tucked skirts and wide sashes are developed in the most leautiful shades of organdie, coral pink, rose, yellow and orange, pale orchid and deeper violet, cool blues, gray and taupe. They present a wide choice, while black organdie is smartly featured in both morning and afternoon models.

Net Stockings Now.

Sheer lisle and silk hosiery, it seems, s not cool enough for summer days. Net stockings are the thing now-at least one sees them in the shops displayed with the newest models in buckled slippers and smart buttoned

walking boots. One may have net stockings in black or white and some of them have clocks or other em-

GENUINE ASPIRIN



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Always buy an unbroken Bayer package which contains proper directions to safely relieve Headache, Toothacke, Earache, Neuralgia, Colds and pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost bur a few cents at drug stores-larger packages also. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic acidester of Salicylicaeld.-Adv.

Keep Electric Fan Busy.

An electric fan properly placed in an open doorway or window will guickly chase away the flies and mosquitoes and doubtless scatter the mischiefmaking microbe.

AS YOUNG*AS YOUR KIDNEYS

The secret of youth is ELIMINA-TION OF POISONS from your body. This done, you can live to be a hundred and enjoy the good things of life with as much "pep" as you did when in the springtime of youth. Keep your body in good condition, that's the secret. Watch the kidneys. They filter and purify the blood, all of which blood passes through them once every three minutes. Keep them clean and in proper working condition and you have nothing to fear. Drive the poisenous wastes and deadly uric acid accumula-tions from your system. Take (30LD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules and you will feel strong and vigorous, with steady nerves and elastic muscles. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the labora-

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the labora-tories at Haarlem, Holland. They are a reliable remedy which has been used by the sturdy Dutch for over 200 years, and has helped them to develop into one of the strongest and hearthiest races of the world. Get them from your druggist. Do not take a substitute. In sealed packages— three sizes.—Adv.

Money is called the circulating medium because it is difficult to circulate without it.

How superior an old codger with eight hairs on his head looks at a bald-headed man.

